

pent is under them all. Yet you tolerate them here!

We are talking about a Personal Liberty Bill in this State that shall mean something. I hope this Convention will resolve that every man, woman and child that has come to years of understanding, shall sign that petition, and drive it up to the Legislature, and drive the Legislature up to the enactment of the law. Take no denial from them. I believe it may be done. I know it would be done, if we had voices enough to reach the people of the Commonwealth, from the sands of Barnstable to the peaks of Berkshire; and I hope that from this meeting a voice will go forth that shall be heard in behalf of this statute, and then we shall make Massachusetts what it never has been yet—free soil—freer than the day it was bathed in the blood of Warren, vastly freer than it was the day you erected the statue to Warren. And unless Massachusetts does do it, and speedily, I pray God he will raise up among the slaves of the South some black Archimedes, who shall lift his lever under the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument, and hurl it to disgraceful destruction;—and let all the people say Amen over its fall! (Applause.)

SPEECH OF E. H. HEYWOOD.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I am glad to have listened to the exceedingly attractive and instructive narration of the antecedents and consequences of the West India Emancipation, with which we have been privileged to-day. It was worth coming all the way from Worcester North to hear. It carries vastly greater weight since there is a man behind it,—since it is backed up by a twenty-seven years' life of labor and suffering in the great cause that has convulsed this earnest assembly. I think that all here must now be convinced that God can govern the world without a slaveholding police to help him, and that men-stealers are not an indispensable agency in the work of human redemption. Dr. Lord and South-side Adams to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Bley has demonstrated to us,—what every American child would know before it was out of its cradle, were it decently taught,—that the path of duty is the path of safety; that slavery, like all other villany, is a loss, is unprofitable and expedient, as well as an outrage on God and man. 'Will it pay?' is the American test of every issue, moral not less than commercial. If sin will fetch ten per cent, it is not sin, *per se*.

As Mr. Remond said in his admirable opening address, this is no occasion to make or hear show speeches. We are not here for the gratification of the hour, but to interrogate this Delphi of Liberty for new lessons of duty to the millions of bondmen at our doors, and to be inspired with new strength for the momentous struggle to which we are called. It seems to me, the most emphatic lesson which this event teaches is the duty of immediate emancipation, and the necessity of a deathless adherence to that principle in the anti-slavery enterprise. Rowell Buxton, looking back over a campaign of forty years, in which the greatest and noblest men of the age had fought, said, in 1830, 'All attempts at gradual abolition are utterly vain and visionary.' The unpardonable sin of the American abolitionist is an incurable weakness for speaking the truth, and obeying the Golden Rule. It was a New England minister who said the worst fault of the Garrisonians was in being 'intensely moral and unimaginative.' The leaders of the Republican party, with all their ability and experience, declare that the best way to free the slave is by swearing to keep him in bondage, and magnanimously stigmatize as 'fanatics' all who will not go with their multitude to do that evil. Allowing that the old Constitution, proslavery in the beginning and laden with new corruptions, can never satisfy the wants of the Republic, and that the principles of the Declaration of Independence are the ultimate appeal in this matter, they continue to assert that Mr. Garrison, as the Italian says, is 'so good as to be good for nothing,' is impractical, asks too much.

Now, to me, the fact that the Abolitionists, at the beginning of this conflict, took their stand on the Declaration of Independence, the only permanent timber in American politics, and that, in spite of every opposing faction, they have held that position, this fact is the greatest proof of their practical wisdom and far-seeing sagacity. There is a prophetic power of genius. A man of intellect and heart is always in advance of his age. He is the mountain peak, the first to catch and reflect the dawn. He apprehends great truths, holds them in sacred trust, bears witness to them amidst the general darkness, under storm and persecution, perhaps in the face of death itself. Obstacles and opposition are his meat and drink, and he thrives upon the rugged fare. He 'beats the mountain of difficulty to dust.' In his head he carries a Vatican library, an Oxford University,—in his heart, a world of churches, without their churchmans. The swaddling clothes of Jewish traditions could not long restrain the expanding soul of Paul. Touched by the fire of the Gospel, he flamed into a mighty apostle, and stepped centuries in advance of the greatest thinkers of the age. When Kepler published his 'Harmonices Mundi,' in which was developed his law of the relation between the periodic time and mean distances of the planets, he said, 'The die is cast, the book is written, to be read now or by posterity. I care not which. It may well wait a thousand years for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer.' Descend from the heights of canonized inspiration and learning, and take an illustration from the humbler walks of common life. More than once in the history of the race has truth defied to ride on so humble a beast as an ass colt. In fact, a man is great and successful only in so far as he apprehends and represents just principles. Granville Sharp, the clerk of a linen draper, conducted the prosecution in the famous Somerset case. When it came on, as you know, Lord Mansfield, the Achilles of the English bar, was upon the bench, backed by the highest authority in the profession, Blackstone himself, by the Crown, the Court, the Parliament, the money power, and the popular prejudice. Yet this humble clerk, like the stripping David, strode forth, and with the smooth stone of justice put to flight all the Philistines of oppression. For that single act, but one in a life crowded with generous acts, humanity will wear the name of Granville Sharp for ever next her heart. (Loud applause.) James Somerset, the slave himself, who crouched at the feet of his dual lord and caught the crumbs that fell from his master's table, being the starting-point of a great principle, still keeps in remembrance the name of both duke and castle, which otherwise long since would have been forgotten. Come home, and take a more familiar case. While our David 'still lives,' the bones of Goliath are rotting up in Marshfield. No doubt, Webster was great; but he would have given some proof of his vaunted ability in politics and statesmanship, if he had either understood and directed his own times, or had outrun his own age, and dictated the future. He did neither. He was out-generalled at every turn, and ere he reached the summit of his selfish hopes, the world shook with his far-reaching fall! With God on his side, the humblest man makes a strong party; but it is always hard for Saul to 'kick against the pricks.'

He who would benefit his fellow-men must link himself, as with bands of steel, to just and Christian principles. His example must be so spotless and resplendent as to flash conviction home like a 'blinding light' to a drunken and miserably like this. To be prepared for all political crises, he must trust nothing but the hard coin of justice. No contumacious magnet of selfishness must cause him to swerve from the pole-star of right. Now, in the great and holy cause to which we are committed, any scheme of policy that falls short of abolition, that does not reach the slave and relieve him, is futile and impracticable. It 'climbs downwards, and advances backwards.'

Talleyrand says, 'The only thing which is successful is success.' Man is the most sacred object beneath the skies. Wherever you find the upright form, the wonder-working hand, the speaking eye and heavenward-looking countenance, there is the image of the dear Father of us all. Beware how you tolerate any evil that does violence to man. To-day it may be a pimple, to-morrow it will be a cancer, then an ulcer, then a gangrene, spreading living death through all the body politic! The rights of the slave are paramount to all other questions in this reform. Whenever men have been aroused to enterprises of 'great path and moment,' the appeal has been addressed to the conscience. Slavery is a sin!—that is the Gibraltar of this cause. As a sin, it must be repented of and abandoned at once. That is good orthodox. Talk of 'infidelity'! This is the most orthodox, the most profoundly religious movement of the age. To apologize for slavery in the remotest particular is rank infidelity and bold atheism.

No political party has ever launched a feasible plan of abolition. None now in the field even proposes a solution of this vexed problem. Pass over the Democratic party—that is dead. In the powder wasted on the passage of Leconte, it paid for the salute fired over its own grave. The Republican party, so far from projecting any scheme to relieve the slave, bolts and bars him into his house of bondage, and sets itself to guard it. It makes the Union, not Liberty, ultimate. Mr. Hale said, 'The Republican party is not going to introduce any thing new,' and then argued that slavery would be safer under it than under the Democratic party. Mr. Banks said, in 1856, 'It is in theory, and only in theory, that one portion of the country is arrayed against the other'; last winter, in his inaugural address, 'the preservation of the Union is among the highest of political duties'; at that carnival of Fourth of Julians (laughter) at Faneuil Hall, a few weeks ago, 'the day is consecrated to the Union of the States.' He has repented of the noblest sentiment that ever fell from his lips,—that he would 'let the Union slide,' rather than Liberty. The Presidency looms in the distance. The little 'iron man' becomes clay in the hands of the Southern potentate,—vells his crest in the presence of the Slave Power. Henry Wilson said from that seat in the Senate where the anti-slavery sentiment of Massachusetts placed him, when the Republican party came into power, 'Any man, North or South, that means immediate emancipation,—who should lay their hands on the Union, should die a traitor's death, and leave a traitor's name in the history of the Republic.' Again: 'We vindicate the rights of the States; the right of the Southern States to hold men in slavery, if they choose.' Webster never said a worse thing. The Philadelphia platform pledges 'aid and comfort' to slaveholders. The Republican party is not an anti-slavery party. Even the Kansas issue is abandoned. The Tribune said if the Republicans allowed Kansas to come in as a slave State, 'they would sacrifice none of their cherished principles.' The Richmond (Va.) South said it right—'The anti-slavery issue is ignored by the anti-slavery party. In Congress, we hear nothing about the wrongs of the negro.' A boy once borrowed a stick of candy, promising to swallow it, and pull it out of his ear. After turning several somersets, he said he had forgotten that part of the trick. (Laughter.) So this party plumes itself upon its advocacy of human rights, but when called upon to vindicate them, proves false to its trust. It forgets that part of the trick. Judged by the measures it has thus far advanced, this party is as empty of hope to the slave as Judge Taney's hat, when his head is in it. (Laughter and applause.) The anti-slavery construction of the Constitution, in which some vainly attempt to believe, has never been even announced on the floor of Congress by the Republicans. It is hard to find fault. But my duty to the slave does not allow me the luxury of speaking well of any one who leaves him to suffer in his bondage. 'My dear fellow,' said Charles Lamb to his friend Coleridge, 'you are the best man in all England; you have but one fault,—you always fall when you have a duty to perform.' (Laughter.) The only fault of these anti-slavery politicians is in not being anti-slavery; in pledging fidelity and support to the oppressor, and ignoring the oppressed. They are as full of themselves as they are empty of uncompromising anti-slavery principle.

I should be very sorry to say any thing to the discouragement of true piety. If men act so with religion, what would they do without it? I believe that underneath all that was objectionable in the late Revival was a widely-spread, deeply-seated aspiration for higher and holier religious life, but would foster these yearnings of the popular heart. No one, not even the angels in heaven, can rejoice more than myself in the salvation of souls from sin. But while a true piety is the best thing in the world, a false piety is the worst thing in the world. Slavery has taken refuge within the sanctuary of religion, and must be driven forth.

The Church is treacherous to the slave. Chameleon like, it shifts its hues in every varying light of conscience, character and time. As Mr. Pillsbury foretold, the theatres received the Gospel of Anti-Slavery before the churches. Ministers lay down reason and conscience at the door of the sanctuary, as the orientals did their shoes. They seem to think the command, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' was given in haste, not modelled with entire philosophical accuracy, and must be subjected to some metaphysical scoring before it can be obeyed. 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men' must also undergo some ethical eliminations to be safely received. That shocking doctrine of the Supreme Court, that negroes 'have no rights which white men are bound to respect,' is the legitimate offspring of the infamous system of caste that still prevails so widely throughout the churches of the North. The practice of accommodation never was more rife. Clergymen may sugar over great sins with the popular consent,—press the Bible into the ranks of national transgression,—lengthen the creed and shorten the dialogue,—allow men to pray on their knees all day Sunday and on their neighbors all the week, and still their piety not be distrusted. Great religious organizations, instituted for the promulgation of a religion whose very nature is to discover and discountenance every sin,—a religion before whose benignant countenance all wickedness fades as darkness before the rising dawn,—great religious bodies, some of which are national, others world-wide, grasping the globe in their Brian arms, seek peaceable rather than pure things, either are entirely silent in regard to a sin that has become not merely a disgrace to civilization, but a disgrace to barbarism, or if in a Christian moment they have spoken a word for the 'little ones,' the 'least of these,' are found on their knees in the public prints begging forgiveness of the Pilates and Herods of the times, and promising never to do so again. Where is the spirit of those brave apostles who turned the world upside down rather than compromise with any sin? According to the method pursued by American clergymen, those pious parties were very scrupulous to repeat the Commandments every morning, always omitting the eighth—'Thou shalt not steal.' So John might have worn 'soft clothing,' lived in 'king's houses,' and saved his head; or Lord could have had the Jews all on his side; Stephen could have been stoned to death, and all his glorious apostles might have been persons of 'property and standing,' got nominations, and high positions in synagogues and sanhedrims.

I do not say that abolitionism is all of religion, but it is the only salvation of religion among us just now. He that faileth in this one point is guilty of all. To divorce truth from duty, or doctrine from practice, will smite any church with paralysis and death. Christianity is the greatest leveller in human society. It levels every step up but sin; that it levels down. Its scathed chariot sweeps the entire field of civilization.

The cause of the slave has most to fear now, not from the *Observer*, the *Recorder*, Blagden, Lord, Adams,—they are joined to their idols,—but from those journals and ministers who, though undoubtedly anti-slavery in sentiment, occupy equivocal positions. In a recent article in the *Independent*, on what have been and what ought to be the 'Fruits of the Revival,' I do not find Anti-Slavery in the enumeration. When also Dr. John, President of the Maryland branch of the Tract Society, fearing the South might think he loved slavery better than he did,—says, 'I am willing to speak of the evils of slavery just as I would of the evils of manufactures or commerce, but cannot consent to be reported as declaring the institution 'evil' in itself;—the *Independent* volunteers to call him a 'devout' man, an 'earnest preacher of the gospel,' a 'Christian,' and 'an eminent and evangelical minister of the word of God.' You have heard of that brutal Colonel Netherlands, of Tennessee, who, using a hand saw as the instrument of torture, inflicted such shocking cruelties upon his slave that hardened slaveholders, shuddering with horror, closed their shutters in self-defence. Well, his minister, the Rev. John Sawyer, asked the church of which he was deacon to discipline him, but got disciplined himself. When, some time ago, the two came as delegates to the General Assembly of Presbyterians in Virginia, Mr. Sawyer was not received, because he had questioned the right of a master to saw his slave asunder, if he chose. But the Boston *Congregationalist*, of which the Rev. H. M. Dexter is editor, refers to that meeting as 'remarkable for the elevated character of its devotional element.' In a very flattering introduction to a 'Convert's Guide,' recently issued from the Boston press, and highly approved by the *Independent*, the Rev. A. L. Stone does not even hint that a book of that character should make tests of morality which would not be received by Dr. Ross. While Ward Beecher has launched boldly his thunder-bolts at anti-slavery extension, I fear his policy shreds slavery itself. In the campaign of '56, he is reported to have said, in Central New York, that if Fremont was elected, he would close his lips forever on the subject of slavery. Also at Orange, New Jersey. 'If I had the power, I would not lay the weight of my little finger, politically, upon South Carolina, to take from her the least right she holds under our Constitution, much as I hate that system to which she clings with such tenacity. She is fully entitled to all her rights under the Constitution without let or hindrance; and in those rights she must and shall be protected.' I would not find fault with men who sympathize so deeply with the anti-slavery cause, did I not know how dangerous a good man is in a wrong position. Russia has been called an absolute despotism tempered with assassinations. Such is slavery. To compromise with it is to be slain by it. This Oregon turns every one to stone who looks upon it not to kill it. There is no safety but in its death. Dr. Cheever has taken higher ground. He lays the Gospel-axe at the root of the evil. I do not believe the Delilah of slavery will ever shear that Samson's locks. (Applause.)

It takes, then, not much discernment to see that an anti-slavery man or church or party, without anti-slavery principles, is worth but little—a 'glittering generality.' Firm conviction alone leads to earnest action—faith to works. One person who believes slavery a sin, and governs his political and religious relations accordingly, does more to abolish it than a nation of compromisers who strike hands with the iniquity in Church and State. When the North is as true to liberty as the South is to slavery, she will triumph. Mr. Bley tells us that the Church, religious men, dealt the fatal blow to oppression in the Islands. When Religion touches the shackles of the American slave, he will stand erect,—disenthralled, the free child of God. True anti-slavery is an incorruption of conscience against slavery. I am surprised that so few apprehend the philosophy of this movement. It is this uncompromising conviction that slavery is wrong, is 'a heinous crime in the sight of God,' that has revolutionized public sentiment thus far. Yet these Janus-faced politicians who enter the conflict just in season to receive the surrender, would make the unreflecting masses think they are doing all that is done—'are only 'practical,' 'influential' men. A western family, once consisting of a father, mother and baby blossom, once received a call, while at dinner in their rude cabin, from his Bearship, a venerable denizen of those wilds. The brave 'man of the house' quickly took himself aloft, and drew the ladder up after him, leaving his wife and child below. What should she do? Fight and be eaten up, or be eaten up without fighting? She chose the former. Bolting the door, she seized the poker, and dealt Mr. Bruin deathful blows as he put his countenance in at the window. Meanwhile, the 'conservative,' 'practical' husband stood from above, 'Give it to him, Sallie!' By and by, he crept gingerly down, and seating himself beside the dead monster, exclaimed, 'Aint we some in a bear-fight, Sallie!' (Laughter and applause.) So, after the Abolitionists have grappled with a ferocious pro-slavery sentiment, after some fearless woman has laid out this terrific bruin a dead corpse, the chivalrous 'leaders' in Church and State, who have shouted 'fanatic' and 'infidel' from their safe retreat, pressing courageously forward, will exclaim at last—'Aint we some in a bear-fight!' At best, compromising politicians and time-serving ministers are but the weather-vanes of public opinion, the jumping-jack of the power behind the throne.

What is done for man the race will uphold and perpetuate. He alone who invests his capital in humanity lays up treasures in heaven. Our cause is based upon an eternal principle, and must prevail. Ours is a conflict greater than ever swept the plains of Marathon, or shook the field of Waterloo, or stained the soil of Bunker Hill. More than forty centuries look down upon us from the heights of the future. We may be defeated, but our principles never. The fewer our number, the greater the glory. Orion is brighter than the Pleiades. Abolitionism is the tomorrow of American society. No opposition to this movement can endure. Whoever falls upon this rock will be broken, and on whomsoever it falls it will grind to powder. Clay, in 1830, called Anti-Slavery 'moral treason.' Benton, elected in 1844, that he had never discussed it in Congress, and never would. Webster tried to crush it, as a 'rub-a-dub' agitation, beneath his remorseless heel. Political parties have turned their batteries upon it—the Church has let loose its thunderbolts against it. Yet Clay, Benton, Webster, political parties and ecclesiastical assemblies have been swept before it like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor. When a gulf yawned in the Roman Republic, the oracle said, that will not be closed until the most precious thing is thrown in. So of this movement. Clay has been thrown in. Webster has been thrown in, and the Democratic and Republican parties, the Church and the Constitution will be thrown in. Through the Church or over the Church, through the Union or over the Union, this reform must and will be carried. (Applause.)

And, to leave off where I began, it is to be carried only by strict adherence to principle. Do you think you can help God's cause forward by sinning while, by taking a wicked oath, to make yourself virtuous by perjury. Can you cast this 'bundle of infamy' upon another? Thus thought the girl, who, in relating her experience in the late revival, said the Lord would send her to hell if she continued to wear her jewelry; so she took it all off, and gave it to her sister. (Laughter.) It was Fabius the Cunctator, camping continually upon the highlands of Italy, who finally humbled the imperious Hannibal, and brought haughty Carthage to her knees at the feet of Rome. The other generals who went down to save Kansas were speedily entrapped. Wolfe did not take Quebec until he had gained the heights of Abraham. So in all moral conflicts, the highest ground is always

the best. 'They who swear upon the altar of slavery are not fit to fight the battles of freedom.' 'No Union with Slaveholders' is the hand-writing, on the wall which has doomed the American Babylon. It is upon the high vantage ground of conscience that one may chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT.—There is no end to the meanness and villany of the pro-slavery spirit in our land. It lies about the slave in his chains, representing him to be contented in his condition, not interested in the question of his own deliverance, and under kind treatment. It lies about the free colored man, representing him to be miserable and degraded, far beneath the slave himself. It lies about the advocate of emancipation, representing him to be the enemy of the slaveholder and of the country, seeking to turn every thing good upside down, and make 'chaos come again.' To illustrate this in a particular case. You know that a slander has been circulating through the American press to the effect that Anthony Burns is now a felon in the State Prison in Charlestown, Massachusetts; whereas the truth is, since his liberation, he has been studying for the ministry at the Oberlin Theological Institution, and also at the Fairmount Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. Sir, it was only a few days ago I had the pleasure of seeing that ransomed man in my office, demonstrating by his appearance and spirit that he was 'every inch a man,' well dressed, with a manly port, and the fire of liberty in his eyes. He is about connecting himself with a panoramic exhibition of slavery, and travelling through the North as a witness of the cruelties of that brutal system, and thus exerting himself for the deliverance of those with whom he wore the fetter and smudged under the lash of the slave-driver. Anthony Burns is a felon in the Massachusetts Penitentiary! A atrocious calumny! Let him speak for himself. Here is a letter written by himself, which I received from him yesterday:—

MR. EDITOR: DEAR SIR.—Having seen a piece from a Richmond (Va.) paper, stating that I was in the Massachusetts Penitentiary, I avail myself of the opportunity to say that the accusation is a lie without a father. I am not, nor neither have I been, nor do I expect to be in the Penitentiary, unless some one should attempt to deprive me of my liberty, as before—then I would enforce the motto of Patrick Henry, 'Liberty or Death.'

Again; if such had been the case, I should only have fallen back into the midst of such a class of individuals as I was among before my escape from the South—that of liars, cradle-robbers, thieves, murderers, whoremongers and idlers, such as ought to be in the Penitentiary for the murdered mothers, children, fathers, sisters and brothers of the South. I now call the attention of the public to the place where I have been residing since my return from the South. I have for two years been prosecuting my studies in Ohio at Oberlin University—the light of the world—and since that time at Fairmount Theological Seminary, Cincinnati—striving hard, with the aid of my friends, to store my mind with that knowledge which I have been deprived of by slavery, &c. I have no doubt but that I shall find friends enough, with abundant means, who will aid me in my noble object.

I am now in Maine, making preparations to travel with a panorama, styled the Grand Moving Mirror—scenes of real life, startling and thrilling incidents, degradation and horrors of American slavery—for the purpose of selling my book, a narrative, giving a full account of my life in slavery from childhood, with many other facts connected with the system of slavery. The proceeds are to be employed in their will. Those studies, at which time friends will have the opportunity of seeing, hearing, reading and knowing for themselves.

I have no doubt but there are some who would be glad if the above report was true. The gentleman who thus informed the public that I am now in the Massachusetts Penitentiary wished to be kicked into notice, and who, like Balaam's ass, would not have spoken if his master had not given him an awful lash. Whoever he may be, I can assure him that he shall never be kicked into notice by me.

ANTHONY BURNS, of Boston, Mass.

This calumny illustrates what I said in the beginning, that the pro-slavery spirit is a lying spirit. It is incapable of telling the truth, whether of the slave in his chains, the free man of color, or their advocate.

It is a full of all deceivableness of unrighteousness.

A word about West India Emancipation. I can hardly say I do not care whether the experiment be successful or not in the British colonies; for I do care a great deal. I cannot say that, if it were an entire failure, if those islands were given over to desolation and ruin, it should receive no consideration whatever. But I do say this: Try the experiment where you will on the face of the earth, I believe that the nearest to God is the nearest to material prosperity. Believe we are to 'let the oppressed go free' because man is man, and no man was ever made to be less, none to be more than man; therefore, none to be slaveholder, and none a slave. At the same time, we are to be free, because liberty always works well; and it always goes well with any people who will take it as their ruling principle of action. They shall be 'blessed in the city and in the field, blessed in the fruit of their body and the fruit of their ground, blessed in their basket and in their store, blessed when they come in and when they go out; they shall lend unto many, and shall borrow of none; and they shall prosper in all they set their hands unto.'

Sir, they who ask, 'Has the experiment succeeded?' even when they look not beyond the material question, I hold to be little better than idiots, if they put that question sincerely; because they ought to know, by appealing to their own nature, by their aspirations to be free, by all that history teaches, that, in proportion as man has motives to labor, he will be productive for himself and for the community in which he lives; and that, as a question of political economy, uncompensated toil is sure to end in general and irremediable bankruptcy.

Now, what is slavery? It is man turned into a chattel. It destroys all motives for mental and physical exertion. The slave knows that the more he works, the more he may work. He has no interest in what he achieves; and, therefore, he naturally says, 'I will be as lazy as possible—I do not care for my master's interests. What are his interests to me? What shall I get for my toil, even if my blood shall be poured out? Hence, the slave is idle, and all the diabolical machinery of the slave system is resorted to as substitutes for those motives which God intended should induce men to labor. Slavery is all darkness; Liberty is all light. Slavery is all despair; Liberty is all hope. Slavery hangs down its hands, and its limbs are paralyzed; Liberty is strong as a young giant, and cannot weary in its work, with the hope of recompense before it.

Mr. Bley has set before us, with admirable skill, the present state of the West India Islands. His sketch seemed like a panoramic exhibition passing before our eyes. Where all was darkness and desolation, now all is light and joy and growing prosperity. Now, the gospel can 'have free course, run, and be glorified.' Now, schools are everywhere multiplying, industry every where rising, the colored race every where developing, in a manner most remarkable. How delightful the spectacle! Truly may we say—'It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes!'

—for the result outruns all rational anticipation. I have been struck with one feature of that great experiment. When I open the Bible at the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and read there that God holds himself responsible for the consequences of emancipation, I find no prophecy of evil—nothing about shedding the blood of the masters, nothing about plantations being overrun and desolated by the emancipated, nothing about danger in any direction; but I find—first, the solemn injunction, 'Unto the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free'; and next, glorious promises to this effect:—'Obe the divine commandment;—then—what? Answer, ye who believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God, and yet are pro-slavery—yet skeptical in re-

gard to the success of West India emancipation! 'Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily.' Let us see whether the testimony of God is true or not; for I hold that his veracity is on trial here to-day,—and I say it reverently. I am struck by that particular figure, 'Then shall thy health spring forth speedily.' For as to 'light,' during the existence of slavery, there was no light; no schools, no education; and if any man dared to teach the slave to read the name of God, it was at the peril of his life. When slavery was abolished, then schools were established, and 'light broke forth as the morning.' But, in regard to this matter of 'health,' allow me to read a single passage from the testimony of an old and highly respectable West India resident, S. B. SLACK, Esq.:—

'It now remains for me to speak of the physical improvement of the blacks of Jamaica, as one of the most striking evidences of the advantages of Freedom over Slavery, as far at least as these people are concerned. It is a fact no less remarkable than true, that for the last quarter of a century—I restrict myself to a period within my own observation—a great improvement has taken place in the features of the negro descendants of Africans. The thick lips that once adorned receding foreheads are fast disappearing, and the physiognomy of the Jamaica negro is slowly assimilating to the European type. This may be owing to the dying off of native Africans, whose places are not being supplied from Africa in the absence of the slave-trade, and to the absence of emigration from that continent, by which the African feature, lacking the element by which alone it could be perpetuated, is gradually yielding to other influences.

Diseases, which were very destructive in the time of Slavery, have become almost, if not quite, extinct. Among these I may mention the yaws, venereal disease, scrofula, and elephantiasis. The yaws affected the mouth principally; other cutaneous affections attacked the whole body. It is said—and I believe with truth—that these diseases arose from two causes: First, the incessant labor in the cane-fields, causing irritation in the skin, occasioned by a sort of down with which the canes are covered, and which, insinuating itself into the pores of the skin, soon brought on an eruption that the patient, bound to labor day by day at the same work, had no power to check; or, the contrary, the irritation would increase each day, and at length resolve itself into some form of scrofula. Secondly, this tendency to scrofula was greatly aggravated by the universal and continued use of pickled herrings, shad, and other fish, which was the only description of animal food allowed to slaves on sugar estates. As to elephantiasis, I do not feel myself so well qualified to speak as to its cause. It most frequently attacked aged Africans in the days of Slavery. Now it is hardly ever seen.

I attribute this remarkable disappearance of cutaneous diseases to the fact that the laboring classes can now choose their own employment. If a laborer in a cane-field find inconvenience from the irritation caused by the down of the cane, he need not return; he can stay at home till the irritation ceases, or he can choose some other occupation. As a slave, however, he was compelled to work in the cane-field, though he needed no longer live on pickled fish, and thus increase the tendency to disease.

This is such a literal fulfillment of the promise contained in the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, that I could not but avail myself of this occasion to bring it to your special notice.

So it will be found in reference to all the other portions of that wonderful chapter, that in so far as the required conditions have been complied with, the promises have been made good to the letter. If every thing has not worked as well as it might have done in the West Indies, no blame is to be attached to the emancipation.

The proprietors, we know, were compelled to emancipate against their will. They had the magnificent bribe of one hundred millions of dollars put into their hands to reconcile them to the liberation of their slaves, still, they were full of hostility to the act; and had it not been for the colossal power of the British government, they would not have yielded up their authority. Hence, they did not do this work in the way which God required, in the spirit of humanity and justice, and true repentance; and so hindered the beneficent workings of the experiment. I marvel, in view of all the untoward circumstances, to see such cheering results as have been laid before us by Mr. Bley; and it is but 'the beginning of the end.'

But, while these emancipated slaves are rising in the scale of humanity, our country is going down, down, down! 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.' The Church is a cage of unclean birds, the State is foul with ulcers and sores, and we are betrayed on the right hand and on the left, by the enemies of freedom, and by some who claim to be its friends.

Mr. President, there is danger that, in consequence of this struggle being so long protracted, some may get discouraged, and persuade themselves that they may be excused from further labor and sacrifice in its behalf, in view of what they have already done. For one, I can never know weariness in the cause of freedom, as long as I see none on the part of its enemies. (Loud applause.) The slaveholders count nothing dear to them, and omit no exertion, to maintain their iron grasp upon the throats of their victims. I intend to be equally devoted, and nothing shall turn me aside from the work of human enfranchisement. How much is at stake! We began by talking about 'universal emancipation,' counting the term to the slave population, and not dreaming that it included our own deliverance from an intolerable thralldom. Now, as the inflexible opponents of slavery, we find ourselves without a flag to protect us without a common country. Of the twenty-seven millions of inhabitants in the land, not one is in the enjoyment of his natural rights—not one! All are to be emancipated! Hence, our struggle is far-reaching and sublime; and, instead of talking of weariness, or parading what we have done to advance it, let us renew our strength, redouble our zeal, increase our activity, and enlarge our operations.

There is danger, also, lest we may be seduced by the subtle spirit of compromise, which, if it cannot cheat us in any other way, will promise to cooperate with us on minor issues, if we will only let this recreant church or that temporizing party pass unscathed. Sir, NO COMPROMISE!—and when I say that, I say every thing. The only reason why the Slave Power rules the nation is, it is uncompromising. The South has but one object in view,—the perpetuity of her slave system. The paramount object of the North is to preserve 'our glorious Union,' and make money. Let liberty go to the wall, or be trodden in the dust, no matter!

How much remains to be done! I do not stand here to speak discouragingly. No! almost miraculous changes have taken place within the last thirty years; for there is nothing that can stand against the might of truth. Still, let us not be deluded into the belief that the battle has been fought, and the victory won. Remember that every man holding office under the U. S. government must wear a padlock upon his lips, and do homage to the Southern Moloch, or go off his head. The national sentiment is still strongly pro-slavery. Of the many churches in the land, how few are on the side of the slave! Of the multitudinous pulpits, how many are dumb on the subject of slavery!

What of our own Massachusetts? In some respects, her career has been a brilliant one; but, alas! all along it has been stained with blood, through her complicity with the South. To this I refer, she allows the panting fugitive slave to be hunted on her soil, and remanded back to his chains, just as though he were an uncaged tiger! Here is work for us to do—our own doors: it is to see that this shall be so no longer—to cause the decree to go forth, that henceforth and forever, no claim of property in man shall be tried before any magistrate or jury in this Commonwealth, but every slave, touching our soil, shall be as free as God made him. (Applause.)

God speed the day of jubilee in America! God speed the hour when all fetters shall be broken, all tears wiped away, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific there shall go up to heaven one song of thanksgiving on the part of a united, free, repentant nation.

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION.

At Rutland, (Vt.) was publicly made through the press, signed by more than one hundred and fifty highly respectable citizens of Vermont—the object of it being 'the disenthralment of humanity from all such influences as fetter its natural and vital growth; and to take counsel together, and have a mutual interchange of sentiment on the great topics of reform.'

The signers of it said—'The only common ground on which we seek to meet, is that of fearless discussion, and the only pledge we make is to bring a rational investigation to the solution of every problem involving the social or religious duty and destiny of the race.' To such a Convention, who could reasonably object? or what but error, injustice and imposture could have cause to fear for the result? Yet, no sooner was the Call referred to public notice, than the newspaper press, both religious and secular, made it a subject of coarse vituperation and low ridicule, condemned the Convention in advance as premature, and endeavored to intimidate the upright in later from attending it.

On the 25th, 26th and 27th of June, the Convention was duly held, and notwithstanding the malignant attacks upon it by the press, attended by an immense gathering of earnest seekers after truth, warm-hearted philanthropists, stalwart reformers, and believers in progress, drawn together from various States, and embodying an unusual amount of intellectual vigor and moral worth. Three long sessions each day were occupied in listening to addresses, and in free discussion, on topics of vital interest and grave importance—such as Government, Free Trade, Slavery, Woman's Rights, Marriage, The Sabbath, Spiritism, Universalism, The Bible, Immortality, Shakerism. The prominent speakers were—

Dr. Jackson Davis, John Tiffany, S. B. Slack, Geo. S. Foster, William Goodell, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Henry C. Wright, Rev. A. D. May, Elder F. W. Evans, Elder Miles, Rev. A. D. May, Elder F. W. Evans, Mary F. Davis, and Eliza W. Farnham. Nearly every one of them distinguished for high mental endowment, great excellence of character, and an unflinching effort to promote the cause of purity, truth and humanity, universally. With such speakers, and such speakers, and the freest discussion, the proceedings could not fail to be of absorbing interest and practical importance; yet they have been shamefully caricatured, falsified, and misquoted by the press throughout the country.—The New York Tribune competing with the satanic press generally in showering ridicule upon them. Hence, the minds of a vast multitude in the country have been incurably poisoned in regard to the real character of the Convention, and they will go down to their graves believing it to have been no better than 'a cage of unclean birds'; to have been not the slightest probability that those newspapers which have so basely misrepresented it will make any retraction whatever. They condemned it in advance to cater to a depraved public appetite; they libelled it after it was held, for the same reason; and they will continue to cast their filthy upon it, because they think it will 'pay.'

This abominable treatment of the Rutland Convention finds its solution in the general corruption of society, the loss of mental freedom, the decline of moral independence, the consciousness that neither Church nor State can bear a fearless investigation; in sectarian malevolence, priestly arrogance, political selfishness, all-abounding moral rottenness. None but cranks, parasites, bigots, profligates, impostors, usurpers, and tyrants will cry out against free inquiry and free discussion: the brave and true, the honest and upright, are ever ready to examine, and also to be 'searched as with a candle.' Truth glories in a free platform, and fears no discomfiture. 'Let Truth and Falsehood grapple,' said John Milton: 'who ever looks Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Ay, who? and when and where? Error of opinion may be safely tolerated, said Jefferson, 'where Reason is left free to combat it.' Who but the conscience of unaccountable doubts? 'He who will not reason,' said Sir Wm. Drummmond, 'is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.' Preside so! Because,

'Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right To the firm centre lays its moveable base'; and because,

'The tyrant trembles if the air stir stirs.

The innocent ringlets of a child's fair hair, And crouches when the thought of some great spirit With world-wide murmur, like a rising gale, Over men's hearts, as over standing corn, Rushes, and bends them to its own strong will.'

Among the venomous charges brought against the Rutland Convention (and it has been eagerly circulated and readily believed in all parts of the land)—this—that it was a 'Free Love' concern, motivated by the term 'Free Lust.' Nothing can be more unjust than

IT IS NOT A DYE!

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S
HAIR RESTORER
AND
WORLD'S
Hair Dressing.

UNLY PREPARATIONS THAT HAVE A
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Restorer, used with the Zylabolium as a dressing, cures diseases of the hair or scalp, and **RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR!**

Zylabolium or Dressing alone is the best using extant for young or old. The pleasure in presenting the following unknown that these are the best preparations for Europe or America. They contain no deleterious ingredients—*do not soil or stain anything.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

W. B. THORNELOVE, Prescott, Lancashire, writes: 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer Zylabolium are perfect marvels. After using them six weeks, my extremely gray hair is due to its natural color. I am satisfied it is dye.'

AMERICA.

MRS. E. C. HAYTTI, for many years Minister to Hayti, now of Martinsburg, N. Y. The hair having seriously affected her hair and scalp she has derived much benefit from the use of S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium. I have tried various other remedies for my hair, but never anything that so materially permanently benefited me, as has Mrs. S. A. Allen's.

W. H. ATON, Pres. Union Univ., Tenn. 'I have Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer Zylabolium but very irregularly, but, notwithstanding, its influence was distinctly visible. After falling off of hair ceased, and my locks, which were white gray, restored to their original black.'

J. I. V. DEGAN, Ed. 'Guide to Holiness,' Boston. 'That Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium promotes the growth of the hair where baldness has commenced, we have the evidence of our own eyes.'

A. H. CORNELL, Cor. Sec. F. D. Educ'n N. Y. 'I procured Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorative and Zylabolium for a relative. I am happy to say it prevented the falling off of the hair and restored it, from being gray, to its natural glossy and beautiful black.'

E. E. ROHIE, Ed. 'Chr. Adv.,' Buffalo. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium are the best hair preparations I have ever used. They have restored my hair to its original color.'

W. WEST, Brooklyn, N. Y. 'I am happy to testify to the value and efficacy of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium, and also to acknowledge its curing my grayness and baldness.'

GEO. M. SPRATT, Apt. Bap. Penn. Pub. So. 'I cheerfully recommend Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium.'

J. F. GRISWOLD, Washington, N. H. 'I can inform Mrs. ——— where Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium can be had. I have used it. You may say in my name that I know where they will purport to be.'

JOSEPH THACHER (60 years of age), Pitcher, writes: 'Since using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium, my hair ceases to fall, and is restored to its natural color. I am satisfied nothing like a dye.'

D. T. WOOD, Middleton, N. Y. 'My hair has rather thickened. The same is true of another family, whose head we thought would become bald. Her hair has handsomely thickened, as a handsome appearance since using Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium.'

MRS. B. MORLEY, Attleboro, Mass. 'The eyes of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium have been to change the 'crown of gray' belonging to old men, to the original hue of youth. The same is true of others of my acquaintance.'

P. TUSTIN, Ed. 'South Baptist,' &c., Charles-Grove, N. Y. 'The white hair is becoming abated and better hair forming, by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium.'

E. A. BUCKBEE, Treas. Am. Bible Union, N. Y. 'I cheerfully add my testimony to that of numerous other friends, to Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium. The latter I find superior to anything I ever used.'

OS. MCKEE, N. Y. City. 'Recommends them. I use them.'

WM. R. DOWNS, Howard, N. Y. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's Hair Dressing has no superior. It cleanses the hair and scalp, removes harshness and dandruff, and always produces the softness, silkiness and gloss so requisite to the human hair.'

M. M. KLINCK, Levittown, Pa. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium have topped the falling off of my hair, and caused a growth.'

WM. PORTEUS, Stamford, Ct. 'Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium have met my most sanguine expectations in causing my hair to grow where it had fallen.'

D. MORRIS, Cross River, N. Y. 'I know of many who have had their hair restored by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium.'

E. EVANS, Delhi, O. 'I have used Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium. They have changed my hair to its natural color and stopped its falling off.'

AMOS BLANCHARD, Meriden, Ct. 'We are very high of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylabolium.'

might quote from others of the numerous letters and are constantly receiving, but we deem the least best preparations in the world for the young or old. We manufacture no other goods. Occupying the large building, corner Elm and Elizabeth streets, exclusively for office, and manufacturing, we have no time or interest to engage in other manufactures. We are the only preparations exported in any quantity to Europe.

We also would call attention to the fact that we have avoided all charlatanism. Our preparations are not heated, but the cheapest, because it lasts longer. We have more good to the end, than others. We aspire to have the best, not rest prepared. One bottle of Restorer will last a year. \$1.00 per bottle. Balsam, 37½ cents a year.

GENUINE

Mrs. S. A. Allen signed in Red Ink to outside red, and in Black Ink to directions pasted on bottom of bottles are of dark purple glass, with the **Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, 355 Street, New York, blown on them.** The Balsam are of green glass, with Mrs. S. A. Allen's Balsam, 355 Broome Street, New York, blown on them. Circulars around bottles copyrighted. None are genuine. Signing the name by others is forgery will be prosecuted by us as a criminal offense.

dealers try to sell other preparations on which we make no profit, instead of these; insist on these, by nearly every drug and fancy goods dealer. Write letters for information to

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